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SYLVESTER SOUND,

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

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CONCLUSION OF CHAPTER VII.

While at breakfast they, of course, spoke of nothing, thought of nothing, but the confusion so mysteriously created; but the more they endeavored to guess the cause, the more deeply involved they became. They had scarcely, however, finished their repast, when the reverend gentleman arrived, and when, with a look which denoted concern, he had greeted them with all his characteristic cordiality, Aunt Elea-

nor eloquently laid the case before him—connecting it ingeniously with the ghost-hunting party who appeared before her cottage the preceding night—and then asked him what he thought of the matter as it stood, and what course he imagined she ought to pursue.

Now the Reverend Mr. Rouse was a man of the world—that is to say, a man of the world in which he lived; a man possessing a most profound knowledge of the sphere in which

he moved—he was a man of observation, as well as a man of reflection; and while his perceptive faculties were strong, he was conversant with, although unable to discover the etymology of, certain idioms which were constantly used by those around him. He knew, for example, what was meant by “a spree:” he moreover knew perfectly the meaning of “a lark:” he knew not whence they were derived, it is true—albeit he strongly inclined to the belief that they had one and the same Greek root: but being thus cognizant of their modern definition, he, after a pause, during which he reflected deeply, said, with all the solemnity which the nature and importance of the words demanded, “Will you do me the favor to send for Legge?”

“Certainly, my dear sir,” replied Aunt Eleanor, who turned and rang the bell on the instant. “Mary,” she added, when the servant appeared, “as Judkins is busy, run and ask Mr. Legge to step over.”

“Tell him I desire that he will come immediately,” added the Pastor, with all that humility by which the order to which he belonged was at that particular period distinguished; and when Mary had left, he in silence proceeded to rehearse that highly important part which it was his intention to perform.

Legge, who was a man of business, and who, by virtue of attending to that business, was doing very well at the Crumpet and Crown, received Mary with his customary custom-winning smile; but when she had delivered not only her mistress’s message, but that which the reverend gentleman had sent, his features assumed an expression of thought: and he said, as he passed his hand over his chin, “I wonder now what’s in the wind.”

“You’ll hear all about it,” returned Mary, promptly; “but do make haste, for they’re anxious, I know.”

Mrs. Legge then spoke to Mary, and asked her how she found herself, and pressed her to have a glass of wine, and got her into the bar, and then *made* her have one; and during Legge’s progress to the cottage, got out of her all she knew and more.

The reverend gentleman having decided upon a course, of which the pursuit he thought would have a somewhat stunning effect, assumed a position of great importance as Legge entered the room, and addressed him in tones indicative of that authority with which he felt doubly invested.

“Mr. Legge,” said he, with an expression of severity, “I am sorry, Mr. Legge, that I have so much cause to complain of your keeping a disorderly house.”

“A disorderly house, sir?” cried Legge.

“Yes, sir,” retorted the reverend gentleman; “a disorderly house—for disorderly every house must be, if it be not conducted with propriety and decorum.”

“I beg pardon, sir: but really, I never heard before that I kept a disorderly house.”

“I say, sir, that it is a disorderly house, and I warn you that, as a disorderly house, it shall be indicted, if the scenes—the disgraceful scenes

which are to be witnessed there—be not discontinued.”

“What scenes? What disgraceful scenes?” demanded Legge, who conscious of the propriety of his own conduct, and the consequent fair reputation of his house, began to feel indignant. “What scenes are to be witnessed there?”

“Scenes, sir, of riot and debauchery; scenes—”

“I deny it.”

“Silence, sir; how dare you interrupt me?”

“Dare! I’m a plain, blunt man, sir, and will *not* be silent when I hear myself falsely denounced. I am not a clergyman: I do not preach humility and practice tyranny: I am the mere keeper of a public-house; I was not always in that position, but even as I am, I defy the world to prove that my conduct has not been straightforward and just. I am also the father of a family, and my children you *know*, I have endeavored to rear in the principles of virtue, morality, and religion. You know this: you know that I would neither set them a bad example myself, nor suffer a bad example to be set them by others: and, am I then by you, sir, to be told, not only that I keep a disreputable house, but—”

“I did not say a disreputable house.”

“You said a *disorderly* house.”

“I did: but not in your *sense*, disorderly.—All I meant to say, was, that occasionally scenes of disorder occurred.”

“Why, of course they do. Where is there a house of that description in which scenes of disorder do *not* occur occasionally? But is it, therefore, to be called a disorderly house?—a house to be indicted?”

“You keep bad hours, sir; you cannot deny that!”

“Occasionally we are compelled to be rather late, but in general we close between ten and eleven.”

“The house, sir, was not closed at twelve last night.”

“I am aware of it; but that was under extraordinary circumstances.”

“It is to that point we would come,” interposed Aunt Eleanor, who, although she had been silent, didn’t at all like her reverend friend’s mode of proceeding. “We wish to speak of that solely, Mr. Legge. You had a party last night, and that party, or a number of those persons who composed that party, appeared before the gate of my cottage at midnight. We wish, Mr. Legge, to know the motives of those persons: that is the point at which we are anxious to arrive.”

“Exactly,” added the reverend gentleman; “that *is* the point. Now sir, what were their motives?”

“I know but of one,” replied Legge.

“Aye, that is the ghost story: that we have heard. But do you not know that their principal object, sir, was to annoy this lady?”

“No, sir; on the contrary, I know that it was not. There is not a man amongst them, sir, by whom she is not respected. She is too kind—too good, sir, to be annoyed wantonly by them.”

"Then, do you mean to say, Mr. Legge, that you don't know that some of those persons burglariously entered this cottage last night?"

"Entered this cottage?"

"Aye, sir! That is the question. Do you, or do you not, know that fact?"

"Most certainly I do not. Nor do I believe it to be a fact. Why, sir, there isn't one of them, who—leaving inclination out of the question entirely—would, under the circumstances, have dared, sir, to enter the cottage!"

"Very well. You are entitled to the full benefit of this opinion; but I'll now just trouble you to look at the state of this room."

The reverend gentleman then arose, and, accompanied by Sylvester and his aunt, proceeded to the parlor, duly followed by Legge, who, as he entered, looked round the room utterly astonished.

"You have, indeed, been annoyed, ma'am," at length he observed, "and I'm very sorry for it; but I'm sure—quite sure, that this was not done by either of those men."

"These things," said the reverend gentleman, "could not have been removed without hands."

"Nor could they have been removed in haste," rejoined Legge. "Were the doors broken open, ma'am?"

"No! all seemed secure in the morning!—How ever they got in, I can't imagine."

"Do you think, ma'am, it's likely that any one got in?"

"What else am I to think, Mr. Legge?"

"I ought not perhaps to offer any suggestion."

"Oh, I do hope that you will, for the affair is now so involved in mystery, that if you could throw any light upon the subject I should feel indeed grateful."

"Well, ma'am, of course, I don't know that I can; but you have a gardener, and that gardener sleeps in the house. Now, I should be very sorry, even to throw out a hint that would tend to injure any man breathing, but as I know what servants are, and what quarrels—petty quarrels—they have occasionally among themselves, I would suggest that it is possible—just possible—that the gardener, during the night, thus carefully displaced these things—not with any wicked object in view—but merely for the purpose of annoying the maids."

"A very proper suggestion," observed the reverend gentleman, who, finding that stilt would not do, came down. "Very proper, indeed. It is possible: nay, highly probable."

"But," observed Sylvester, "Judkins has lost all his clothes!"

"Have you lost anything of value ma'am?—anything out of this room?" inquired Legge.

"Not a single thing! Oh! by-the-bye," she added, "where's the silver tankard?"

They looked round the room: it was not to be seen; nor could they see the salver upon which it had stood. Presently, however, the reverend gentleman perceiving something under the couch, removed it, and there found, not only the tankard and salver, but the bread, butter, ham, and a bundle of clothes, which were instantly known to belong to Judkins!

This altered at once the complexion of things. It was then quite clear to them all, that this confusion had been created with no felonious intention; and as it was plain that no entrance had been forced, Aunt Eleanor, as well as her reverend friend, felt convinced, that with the motive assigned by Legge, the things had been thus disturbed by Judkins.

Legge, however, now had a doubt on the subject, and gave Judkins the benefit of that doubt without delay. "I do not," said he, "think it was the gardener now."

"Oh!" cried the Pastor, "the case is clear against him! Look at his clothes! How came they here?"

"The very fact," returned Legge, "of their being here, tends to convince me, that he is not, after all, the man. I think that if he had done it, he would not have left his clothes—for I do not believe that he has sufficient art to leave them in order that all suspicion might be removed, on the ground that no man, in his senses, would thus convict himself. If he left them at all, he could only have left them for the purpose of having it said, 'Oh, it couldn't have been him: he would never have been such a fool!' and I do not think that he is artful enough for that."

"There's no telling," observed the reverend gentleman. "Really the world has got to such a pitch that there's no such thing as knowing the human heart at all."

"But," said Aunt Eleanor, "if it were not Judkins, who on earth could it have been?"

"I can't imagine," returned Legge; "still I would not too hastily condemn him. All I can say is, that this was not done by any one of the party at my house last night."

"I believe it," said Aunt Eleanor; "firmly believe it."

"And so do I now," observed the reverend gentleman. "I did at first think that they had done it by way of a frolic, which, in the house of a lady, would have been of course disgraceful. However, as it is, I recal those observations which I made with respect to your house, but I do hope that you will in future keep good hours."

Aunt Eleanor now got out the wine, and requested Legge to help himself, which he, as a matter of course, did; but just as he had filled his glass, Mary came into the room, exclaiming—"We've found the eggs, ma'am; but oh! in such a place!"

"Where did you find them?" demanded her mistress.

"In the pickle-tub, ma'am."

"In the pickle-tub?"

"Yes, ma'am; as cook was a fishing for a tongue, what should she find but the eggs, tied up in an old pair of Judkins's—"

Here she stopped and blushed, and Aunt Eleanor blushed too, and the reverend gentleman turned to smile, but Legge, who had just got his mouth full of sherry, didn't know at all how to get rid of. He blew out his cheeks, and grunted, and strained, while his face became crimson, and every vein visible, seemed in a fit state to burst, until, at length, he made

a desperate effort to gulph it, but, as a portion of it went "the wrong way," that portion found out its mistake, and returned, and, by virtue of returning thus, caused him to spirt and to cough with unparalleled violence. This was annoying, but he really couldn't help it. Aunt Eleanor knew that he couldn't, and, therefore, in order to relieve him from embarrassment, appeared to be unconscious of the circumstance entirely, and, turning to Mary, said to her, "Has cook been quarrelling with Judkins?"

"No, ma'am: they've had a few words, but not about anything particular!"

"Very good," said her mistress, "you can now leave the room. "It is," she added, when Mary had left, "it is, I apprehend, as you suggested, Mr. Legge. These people, no doubt, have been quarrelling, and their object has been to annoy each other. This, however, must be ascertained. But have another glass of wine, Mr. Legge."

Legge was almost afraid, but he took another glass, and managed to drink it with proper effect, and, when Aunt Eleanor had thanked him for his attention, and the reverend gentleman had playfully entreated him to let him know immediately the "ghost" re-appeared, he bowed and left them to contemplate the case as it stood, and to devise the means of gaining the knowledge desired.

Now, while he was thus engaged at the cottage, Mrs. Legge—having ascertained from Mary the substance of all that had occurred, with the single exception of the eggs being found in that peculiar envelope—had, as a natural matter of course, been retailing the circumstances to all who came, among whom were Mr. Pokey, Mr. Obadiah Drant, Mr. Click, Mr. Quocks, and Mr. Bobber. When, therefore, Legge returned, their anxiety to learn the minutiae of that of which they had heard but the outline was intense. They crowded round him, and urged him to begin at the beginning, and pressed him to drink, that he might open more freely; but Legge, having whispered to his wife, assumed an expression of mortification, and sat down in silence.

"Why, what is the matter? What's wrong?" inquired Pokey. But Legge returned no answer.

"If there's anything fructifying in your mind, unpleasant," said Obadiah, "out with it. my boy, like a Briton!"

"Who," demanded Legge, with feigned ferocity, "who broke into the Grange Cottage, last night?"

"I didn't," said Pokey, "so that's enough for me."

"They who did," said Obadiah, "ought to be served, as they used to serve them in Nova Scotia, in the time of Julius Cæsar, and Peter the Great!"

"But was it broken into?" said Click.

"She sent for me, as you have heard, and there were the things! I never in my life witnessed such a scene of confusion. The parson was there, and he told me at once that he should indict me for keeping a disorderly house!"

"The parson! pooh!" exclaimed Obadiah.

"Don't they draw nine-and-twenty millions of money, annually, every year, from the vitals of the people? What do they want more? Look at the ecclesiastical swindle exposed by Joey Hume! Could Bobby Peel defend it? Look, again, at Charley Buller's motion, that was backed by Tommy Duncombe! Do you mean to tell me—"

"But," interrupted Click, "*was* the cottage broken into last night?"

"Why, that's involved in mystery," replied Legge, "no locks appear to have been broken, but, as Mr. Rouse said—"

"Who cares for Teddy Rouse?" cried Obadiah; "Who cares for the cloth to which Teddy Rouse belongs? They are what I call the locusts of liberty!"

"As he said," continued Legge, "the things couldn't have been thus disturbed without hands. And now Pokey will have to prove that *he* didn't disturb them."

"I!" exclaimed Pokey. "Why do they pitch upon me?"

"Mrs. Sound saw you near the premises.—That's strong circumstantial evidence. You were there twice, which makes the case stronger. The bottom of it is, you're in a mess!"

"But I'll take my oath—"

"That you'll not be suffered to do. Mind you, I don't say that you are the man that broke in, you will recollect that. I shall give no evidence against you; but it strikes me you'd better prepare for your defence."

"I remember," observed Obadiah, "I remember that, during the French Revolution—"

"Blister the French Revolution!" cried Pokey, who began to feel very much alarmed.—"What's the French Revolution to this? But are you serious, Mr. Legge? Really, now, are you serious?"

"Serious! It isn't a thing to joke about, I can tell you. You'd better leave the place till the matter blows over."

"I can't leave the place. How can I leave? I've no less than four pair of breeches in hand!"

In an instant Legge, unable to control himself, sent forth a loud peal of laughter, and as Click, Bobber, Quocks, and Obadiah, perceived that he had only been frightening Pokey, they, to some extent, joined him; but when he had explained the real cause of his mirth—when he had told them of the eggs being found in the pickle-tub, tied up in Judkins's smalls—they opened their shoulders, and set up a roar which might have been heard at the cottage. Nor was this ebullition of merriment transitory.—Peal after peal did they send forth in raptures, now holding their ribs in, and calling out with pain, and then bursting forth again with fresh vigor, until two or three of them became so exhausted that, had not the chairs been established in a row, they really must have rolled on the ground.

"Was the eggs smashed?" cried Pokey, in the midst of this scene. And again they broke loose, though in agony. "I've heered of pickled inguns," he added, and this was the signal for another roar, "but pickled breeches," he continued, "pick—pickled—" Being ut-

terly unable to finish this sentence, he threw himself down on the mat, and panted.

As the thunder succeeds the lightning's flash, so did a roar on this occasion succeed every sentence that was uttered, whether witty or not, but as men cannot even laugh for ever, they at length became sufficiently worn out to sit down in a state of comparative tranquillity.

Legge then explained to them what he had suggested, and they then saw, with perfect distinctness, that a quarrel between Judkins and cook had been the origin of it all. They, moreover, thought it a very fair match; but confessed that cook then had, decidedly, the best of it, seeing that Judkins had done nothing equal to her assumed feat of pickling the smalls.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSALIE.

THE pagans had a little swell whom they called the god of laughter. His name was Comus; and he was fat, as a perfectly natural matter of course. He didn't do much—they who laugh much, very seldom do—but, notwithstanding, in his day, he was popular among the pagans. Very good. Now, there are, of course, various species of laughter. There's the natural laugh, the hysterical laugh, the hypocritical laugh, and the laugh of the idiot; but the natural laugh is the only laugh which springs absolutely from pleasure. Comus had a natural laugh, and he was, therefore, fat. Why, what an immense field does this open for the philanthropist to contemplate! Cæsar—who wasn't a fool—didn't like Cassius, because he was lean. If this and that be put together, to what will they amount! Momus—not Comus, but Momus—censured Vulcan, for making a man without a window in his breast, that his ill designs and treacheries might be seen, which was all very well; but what necessity, even in that poetic age, would there have been for this window, had a social and political Fatometer obtained? And how infinitely more valuable would it be now—how society would be simplified by virtue of its introduction! Fat is the natural fruit of laughter; natural laughter springs from pleasure: pleasure is derived from happiness: happiness from goodness, and goodness comprehends all the virtues. That is one side of the question: now look at the other. Who ever saw a really laughter-loving man thin? No one. And why? Because laughter opens the shoulders—expands the chest—strengthens and increases the size of the lungs, and thus generates fat. Leanness, then, denotes the absence of laughter; the absence of laughter, the absence of pleasure; the absence of pleasure, the absence of happiness; the absence of happiness, the absence of goodness; and the absence of goodness, the absence of all the virtues. Who—had they been contemporaries—would not have trusted Daniel Lambert—a man of one doesn't-know-how-many stone—in preference to Monsieur—what was his name—the Living Skeleton? Let a Fatometer be established, that the amiable fat ones may be caressed, and the treacher-

ous lean ones avoided! Let a standard of fat be fixed; and, as the crafty and designing can never hope to reach it, society will be all the purer.

Now, it is the peculiar province of an author to be cognizant of the most secret thoughts, not only of his heroes and heroines, but of every person whom he introduces to the world.—Hence it is that he is held responsible for those introductions—and very properly, too!—but it would not be fair to attach to him this responsibility, were his liberty restrained. For example: he is allowed to follow a lady into her very chamber, and to contemplate her most private thoughts, even while she is there; which would be, under any other circumstances, highly incorrect. The lady herself wouldn't allow it; and, if even she had no great objection, by society it would not, it *could* not, be sanctioned. These remarks are held to be necessary as a sort of an apology, or rather as a species of justification, seeing that it has now to be stated that Aunt Eleanor, immediately after Legge had left the cottage, excused herself to her reverend friend, and went direct to her chamber to have a hearty laugh. And she did laugh heartily, and, therefore, very naturally. She loved to laugh, and hence was fat—that is to say, she had reached that standard which ought, for ladies thus circumstanced, to be universally set up. It is no sufficient argument against the establishment of this standard, that they who love to laugh are not at all times happy. The *acmé* of pleasure, for instance, consists in being entirely free from pain; but where are we to find the *acmé* of pleasure, seeing that pleasure and pain are twins? Even Aunt Eleanor, who loved to laugh as well as any lady in the county, was not without troubles, albeit they were few; and even while she was laughing in her chamber, she thought of that mystery which had not yet been solved. Feeling, however, then, that she had something like a clue to its solution, her mind was more tranquil, and when she had become, in her judgment, sufficiently composed, she returned to the reverend gentleman, who suggested that they should at once ascertain the cause beyond doubt; and the immediate consequence of this suggestion was, that Judkins was duly summoned.

"Judkins," she observed, with the most perfect composure, "the question which I am now about to put to you, I hope you will answer with truth."

"Cert'ney, ma'am!—cert'ney."

"In the first place, then, I have to ask how you account for that extraordinary confusion in the parlor?"

"It's my opinion, ma'am, that the place is bewitched!—that's my opinion."

"Judkins, what time did you go to bed last night?"

"About half-past ten, ma'am."

"And what time did you rise?"

"About nine, ma'am. I couldn't get up before, because of my clothes."

"Were you in the room the whole of that time?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You didn't once leave it, from half-past ten last night until nine o'clock this morning?"

"No, ma'am."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite!"

"Judkins, if I discover that you are not telling me the truth, I will immediately discharge you; but if, repudiating falsehood, you confess to me now that those things in the parlor were disturbed by you—"

"By me, ma'am!" cried Judkins, in a state of astonishment; "I disturb the things, ma'am?"

"I have reason to suspect that they were disturbed by you."

"Why, I wasn't out of bed, ma'am, the whole live-long night! Besides, why should I disturb them?"

"To annoy cook and Mary. You are not on the most friendly terms, I believe, with either."

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am; I never interfere with 'em. Mary's well enough; but cook's a cook, and you know what cooks is!—they're all alike. But if they was the very last words I had to speak, ma'am, I'd say I didn't touch them things."

"Judkins, I am at present bound to believe you; but if I find that you have been telling me a falsehood, I will on the instant discharge you!"

"You'll never find that, ma'am, I know; but I suppose, ma'am, that cook's been saying something against me!"

"No, not a word; nor have I at present spoken a word to her on the subject. But desire her to come to me now. The matter must not be allowed to rest here."

Judkins then left the room: and both his mistress and the reverend gentleman felt that he was innocent; while Sylvester, who had been watching the proceedings in silence, declared his conviction that Judkins was not the man, and pointed out the utter improbability of his having disturbed the things with the view of annoying cook, seeing that it was not cook's province to replace them. Aunt Eleanor, however, having commenced the investigation, felt bound to proceed, and awaited with composure the appearance of cook, who, on entering the room, felt somewhat flurried.

"Cook," said her mistress, "have you and Judkins been quarrelling?"

"No, ma'am."

"There have been no words between you of an unpleasant nature?"

"Nothing that can be called words, ma'am; only, so sure as I ask him for taters, or turnips, or carrots, or inguns, or salary, or anything in respect of that, so sure he won't bring 'em till the very lastest minute, though I ask him over and over and over and over again. There was only the other day—now, ma'am, only jist to show you—"

"I do not wish," said Aunt Eleanor, "to hear any tales, cook, of that description."

"No, ma'am, I know; but then it puts me in a orkard perdicament, as I told him, no longer ago than yesterday—" Judkins,' says I, 'you know,' says I, 'it isn't my place,' says I, 'to go,' says I, 'pottering about in that garden, and I'm sure,' says I, 'that if missis,' says I, 'was to know it—'"

"All I asked was, whether he and you had been quarrelling—whether, in short, you desired to annoy him?"

"Annoy him, ma'am!—I want to annoy him? Then he's been a telling you, ma'am, I want to annoy him, ma'am, has he?"

"No cook; but answer my question plainly: have you had any wish to annoy him?"

"Not I, ma'am!—no ma'am!"

"Then how do you account for the fact of his clothes being found where they were?"

"I, ma'am, account? What, then, has he been a saying that I put 'em there?"

"He has been saying nothing of the sort, cook. I asked you how you accounted for the circumstance?"

"Account for it, ma'am? I can only say it's my belief that the house is wholly haunted! If it isn't, ma'am, it's very strange to me! As I said to Mary this blessed morning, 'Mary,' says I—"

"But, cook," said Aunt Eleanor, promptly checking this natural flow of eloquence, "for what purpose did you happen to go to the pickle-tub this morning?"

"I went, ma'am, 'cause, as the ham was gone, I thought I'd bile a tongue. But does he have the impudence to think, ma'am, that I put his clothes there? Where was his clothes, ma'am? In course, in his bed-room! And does he mean to have the howdaciousness to insinuate—"

"He has insinuated nothing of the kind. But by whom do you imagine they were put there?"

"I haven't, ma'am, so much as a idea!"

"Then, cook, I'm to understand that you can throw no light whatever on the subject?"

"Not the least in the world, ma'am!"

"Very well: then I have nothing more to say to you at present."

Cook then, with manifest reluctance, retired; and as she was instantly acquitted of all participation, the mystery resumed its original character. Neither Sylvester, his aunt, nor their reverend friend, could imagine another clue.—Even the power to conjecture seemed lost.—Neither could suggest—neither could conceive—the slightest means whereby that mystery might be solved.

"We must still," said the reverend gentleman at length, "we must still have patience.—Time alone can bring this strange matter to light: and that it will be brought to light, I have not the slightest doubt. We must, therefore, my dear madam, still have patience."

Patience! What an admirable attribute is patience! How sweet are its influences—how softening its effects! In the hour of affliction, how beautiful, how calm, how serene, how sublime, is patience! Behold the afflicted, racked with pain, from which Death alone can relieve them. By what are they sustained but by that sweet patience which springs from faith and hope! Patience, ever lovely, shows loveliest then. But who ever met with passive patience co-existing with active suspense? We may endure affliction the most poignant with patience—but we cannot with patience endure suspense. The knowledge of the worst that can befall us, may be borne with patience—but patience

will hold no communion with our ignorance of that which we are ardently anxious to know. Aunt Eleanor, for example, had she known that the smalls had been put into the pickle-tub by cook, and that Judkins had upset the things in the parlor—nay, had she even known that Mr. Pokey and his companions, or any other gentleman and *his* companions, had actually entered the cottage—she would have endured that knowledge with patience; but as she was utterly ignorant of everything connected with the origin of these mysterious proceedings—as she neither knew what had induced them, nor had the power even to guess the cause to which alone they could have been fairly, ascribed—patience was altogether out of the question.—Hers was essentially a state of suspense with which patience had nothing whatever to do.

Still it was, notwithstanding this, all very well for her reverend friend to recommend it: it was, in fact, his province to do so; for having studied deeply the book of Job, he held patience to be one of the sublimest virtues. It is true—quite true—that he hadn't much himself. But then look at his position. He had to read two sermons every week of his life; and *his* sermons cost him a guinea per dozen! Such a man could not rationally be expected to have patience. Nor, indeed, have men in general, much. The women are the great cards for patience. Hence it is that they are so frequently termed ducks; seeing that, as ducks, when they are hatching, sit upon their eggs a whole month, they are the legitimate emblems of patience. But men are not ducks.

It must not, however, be imagined, that because Aunt Eleanor was in a state of suspense then, she was not in general a patient person. She was; but *being* then in a state of suspense, she could not have been expected to be patient. She panted to know the cause of these strange proceedings—and people never pant with patience—and although the reverend gentleman had advised her to be patient, she continued to pant anxiously throughout the day; but at night she was as far from the achievement of her object, as she would have been had that object never been proposed.

About half-past ten—being weary of the day—she retired to her chamber, and sat alternately listening and reading until twelve; when, everything both in and around the cottage being still as death, she prayed, and went to bed, in the full assurance of protection.

It has been said that there is no virtue in prayer, seeing that He, to whom we pray, knows our thoughts before we attempt to give them utterance; but who, having fervently prayed, has not felt his spirit etherealised, his mind more at ease, his heart lighter; inspired as he then must be with the conviction that, "putting his whole trust and confidence in Him," he has been in communion with his God? "Ask, and ye shall have!" involves a point of faith which teems with the most holy influences; and piety can no more exist without prayer, than prayer can be effective without piety.

Of course, it is not necessary to pursue this subject here: the only object of its introduction is, to show how natural it was for Aunt Eleanor,

having fervently prayed, to feel assured of protection; and, feeling thus assured, to go to sleep.

Sylvester at that time had been asleep nearly two hours; but having in a most enchanting dream fallen desperately in love with a Dryade, he dressed himself with care, and, on leaving the cottage, proceeded by appointment to the arbor.

But the Dryade was not there! He looked anxiously round; but no! What could be the cause of it? That she *would* keep her appointment he felt convinced, and therefore sat down to await her coming; but he had no sooner taken his seat than the scene in an instant changed, and he beheld in imagination a beautiful dell, in the centre of which he sat, upon a couch composed of moss and the still living leaves of wild roses. For a time his eyes were dazzled by this lovely scene, and he saw but indistinctly the objects around him; but anon he could clearly distinguish them all, and he turned with breathless wonder to contemplate their incomparable brightness and beauty. The dell was thickly studded with the sweetest and richest flowers with which the face of Nature teems; fruit of every conceivable species hung in clusters around, and while the herbs lent their fragrance to perfume the air, the mingled odors were delicious in the extreme. Above his head there were myriads of golden-winged butterflies joyously basking in the glorious sun; and, as the beautiful birds, whose plumage, reflecting every ray of light, shone with surpassing lustre, were floating around him and skimming the clear miniature lake, of which the surface was like polished silver, and carolling with all the wild sweetness of their nature: it was, altogether, the loveliest scene of which his fancy could boast the creation.

He had not, however, contemplated this scene long, when the warbling of the birds simultaneously ceased, and he heard in the distance, one—as he imagined—burst forth in rich strains of seraphic joy. The effect was ravishing. He listened with feelings of the purest rapture, and with feelings of rapture the birds listened too. How sweet—how enchanting were those liquid notes! How soft—how delightful—how full of wild beauty! What bird—what celestial bird—could it be? The music ceased: and on the instant a sylph imperceptibly approached, and, with balmy breath, softly whispered "Rosalie," and kissed him. That kiss was electric. The blood ran thrilling through his veins, and he felt, with delight, transported. Rosalie! That was the name of her in whom his whole soul was centered.—Rosalie! He turned: and she had vanished. But he heard again those ravishing strains, and was thus re-inspired with hope. But again they ceased: and again he turned; and Rosalie stood before him. Oh, with what ecstasy did he behold her. What joy—what delight—what rapture he felt as he gazed on her peerless beauty! And she was a most beautiful blonde! Her eyes, which shone like brilliant stars, were orbs of fascination; her cheeks bloomed like the downy peaches; nature's nectar bedewed her lips; and while her rich auburn hair flowed in wild ringlets luxuriantly

over her shoulders, her lovely form was enveloped in a veil wrought by zephyrs and silk-worms combined.

"Rosalie, sweet Rosalie!" said Sylvester, at length, in the softest and most endearing accents of love, and extended his arms to embrace her; but just as he fondly hoped to clasp her to his heart, a bird of Paradise brought her a beautiful rose, which she placed in his bosom, smiled sweetly, and fled.

"Rosalie, my love," he cried; "let me embrace thee."

Rosalie smiled again and glided round the dell, and then stood on the margin of the lake—her only mirror—and adjusted her ringlets, and sang again, even more sweetly than before; and, while singing, entered a bower, and reclined upon a couch, when, in an instant the birds flew to the sides of the dell, and having each plucked a leaf from the rose, lily, eglantine, or briar, flew to the couch on which their goddess was reclining, and, having strewn the leaves over her beautiful form, commenced warbling their song of repose.

"Rosalie!" again cried Sylvester, sweetly. "Dear Rosalie, come to my arms."

Rosalie smiled; but pointing to the couch on which he had been sitting, apparently wished him to sit there again.

Sylvester, however, with that impetuosity which usually mars our loftiest designs, felt resolved to approach the sacred bower, but no sooner, in pursuance of this resolution, did he advance, than myriads of birds flew in a mass to intercept him. He tried to force a passage, but they opposed him still, and when, eventually, they retired, he found himself standing upon the very margin of the lake. For a moment he stood gazing intently at the bower, and the beautiful Rosalie covered with leaves. The lake, then, alone was between them, and feeling still resolved to approach, he was about to plunge in; but again the birds flew in dense mass towards him, and, on being absolutely forced back to the couch, in an instant the whole scene vanished before him, and he found himself sitting in darkness, and alone, in Aunt Eleanor's arbor again.

Here for some time he remained sighing "Rosalie!—sweet Rosalie!—Rosalie!—my love!" But as darkness still reigned, and the nymph did not appear, he at length returned in sadness and in silence to the cottage; and having passed the outer door, which he omitted to close, proceeded to his chamber, undressed, and went to bed.

Now, as Sylvester made not the slightest noise, he disturbed neither his aunt nor any one of the servants: they slept soundly and well, and thus continued to sleep for several hours after his return; but, in the morning, when cook came down, she, on finding the outer door open, was struck at once with horror, and without giving even a glance, with the view of ascertaining how matters really stood, rushed up stairs again, shrieking "Thieves!—thieves!—thieves!"

Out rushed Judkins with a gash across his throat—for at the moment the first shriek was uttered, he was endeavoring to improve the characteristic respectability of his appearance

by shaving—and out rushed Mary, with her hair dishevelled; but their mistress on coming to the door, without leaving her room, demanded to know what was the matter.

"Oh! ma'am," replied cook, "it's a mercy, ma'am, we haven't all been murdered! The door's as wide open as ever it can stick!"

"What, the outer door?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good gracious!—what *can* all this mean? Why I saw the door fastened myself. Have any of the things been taken away?"

"I don't know I'm sure, ma'am. Go, Judkins, and look."

Judkins did go, and found all secure, and then returned to report progress; but while engaged in making that report, Aunt Eleanor, perceiving the sanguinary state of his throat, exclaimed "Judkins!—why, what on earth have you been doing?"

"I was only a shaving, ma'am, when cook shruck."

"For goodness sake, go and stop the blood immediately. Do not," she added, addressing the cook, "do not suffer a thing to be touched till I come down."

She then closed her door and proceeded to dress; and Judkins returned to his room, where he found, on consulting his glass, that although he never even contemplated suicide, he looked as if he had not only meant to commit, but had, in reality, committed the act. He had before no idea of having made such an incision. The blood was actually streaming down his neck—it looked frightful—it moreover created the absolute necessity for a clean shirt. Now, Judkins, who was a tidy man, had a strong aversion to whiskers: he had also an aversion to the practice of allowing the hair to grow under the chin: he therefore shaved all off, from his temples to his collar-bone, and being endowed with a broad face and neck, he not only had an extensive field of stubble to go over, but as he was not, as a shaver, expert, and his razors were never in very fine order, he scratched and grained during the pleasing operation, while the stubble contested the ground, inch by inch, and thus amused himself for more than half an hour every morning of his existence.

On this occasion the entertainment was nearly at an end—he was in the last act, taking the final and triumphant upper scrape—when he heard the first shriek, which so paralyzed his frame, that the razor walked in instead of keeping on the surface. No material injury, however, had been inflicted: he bled, it is true, very freely—which, he being a man of full habit, was not at all marvellous—but, when he had got his best hat from the box, and had filled up the gash with a handful of nap, he was all right again, and got down just in time to assist his mistress in taking a general survey.

But *there* was nothing wrong—nothing lost—nothing out of its place; everything was found precisely as they had left it, with the single exception of the outer door, and how that had been opened none could tell. It had a lock, two bolts, a bar, and a chain, and as there was not a single mark on the outside to indicate violence, it was perfectly clear that it had not been forced. The only question, therefore, was—

now could any one have got *inside* to open it? But this was a question which could not be answered.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE NIGHT.

A PARSONAGE-HOUSE in an isolated village, is, of all earthly places, the best adapted to the process of deadening a man's wits. If he have no occupation, save that which is strictly enjoined by the church—no hobby but his garden—no society but that of the fat-headed squires around him—his case is indeed desperate. A clergyman thus situated is morally buried.—He must be lofty; he must be grave; he must pull a long face; he must look severe; he must walk with excessive circumspection; he must associate with none but those in whose hearts their horses have a much warmer place than their wives, and of whom it may be recorded that, if taken from their horses, not only while animated, but when they become dogs'-meat, the full half of that which they know isn't much. No clashing of intellect does a pastor in that position experience—no new lights look in upon him: his mind becomes dim for lack of polish; his imagination soars but to sink; his faculties are weakened by the absence of that exercise which alone can impart to them strength; and he gradually and imperceptibly descends to the recognised level of the sphere in which he moves, severely and securely cloaked up in the arrogant vanity of ignorance.

But this is the rule! Aunt Eleanor's reverend friend was the exception: inasmuch as he actually conceived the means by which the cause of her perplexities *might* be discovered. He conceived an idea, which is very remarkable, that if he sat up at the cottage one night, he should know all about it. His mind hadn't struck such a light for a long time. He held it to be brilliant! And so it was: so brilliant that it dazzled him at first; but when he had become somewhat reconciled to its brilliancy, he went to the cottage to show the light there.

He, at that time, had not the slightest knowledge of the fact that the door of the cottage had been found open that very morning; but, when Aunt Eleanor had duly informed him of the circumstance—although he could not help expressing his amazement—he felt highly pleased, seeing that, as it was clear to him that the parties were determined to carry on their game every night, he, without the necessity for sacrificing more than a single night's rest, should be perfectly certain to catch them.

"The fact is," said he, "this must be put a stop to. It cannot be tolerated. It must not be suffered to continue."

"But how, my dear sir?" cried Aunt Eleanor. "How can I prevent its continuance?"

"You cannot," he replied, "but I can; and I will do so, if the scheme which I have conceived meet your approbation."

"My dear sir, whatever you suggest shall be immediately acted upon; gratefully will I adopt any suggestion which may be calculated to relieve me from this painful state of suspense."

"Then allow me, this night, to sit here," said her reverend friend: "here, in this room: take no notice of the arrangement; retire as

usual, send the servants to bed, and then leave the rest to me."

"But, my dear sir; oh, but I cannot think for a moment of allowing *you* to sit up."

"Why *not*, my dear madam; why *not*?"

"Oh, it would be so extremely inconsiderate of me to tax your kindness to such an extent."

"My dear madam, *you* do not tax my kindness—if kindness it may be called—the suggestion is mine, not yours."

"Of course I feel extremely grateful; but you do not think of sitting up alone."

"Let me sit up with you, Mr. Rouse," said Sylvester; "we shall catch them: and when we do, they ought to be punished severely."

"But have you," said Aunt Eleanor, "have you, my dear, sufficient strength to sit up?"

"Oh, quite," replied Sylvester: "sitting up is nothing."

"But it will not be well for you to do so," said the reverend gentleman. "The primary object is to make every thing appear as if no preparation for a discovery had been made."

"Well, it need not *appear*," returned Sylvester; "I can go into my bed-room, and then come down softly again; and then you and I can have a game of chess to keep us awake.—I should enjoy it. It will be so very dull for you to sit here alone. Do let me sit up with you."

"I fear," said the reverend gentleman, "that it will tend to defeat the object in view."

"Then let Judkins sit up," said Aunt Eleanor; "he can be in the little room adjoining."

"My dear madam, the character of Judkins is still in—if I may so term it—the purgatory of suspicion: it has to be either vindicated clearly or condemned. Against his sitting up with me, I therefore protest."

"But I cannot consent to your sitting up alone."

"Well, then—let me see. Oh! suppose then I bring Jones, my gardener with me.—He's a very sleepy fellow, it's true, but I'll manage to keep him awake."

"Very well, my dear sir; by all means let him come. I do not care who it is, so long as you have some one with you."

"Then that is decided: Jones comes with me. What time do you usually retire to rest?"

"About ten, or half-past."

"Then at ten o'clock precisely, we'll be here. When those shutters are closed and the curtains are drawn, no light can be seen, I believe?"

"Not a ray."

"Then at ten, my dear madam, expect us. It will of course be necessary for *you* to let us in."

"Of course. I will be at the window at that hour precisely."

The reverend gentleman then took his leave, and Aunt Eleanor congratulated herself on the prospect of the mystery being cleared up.—She, at the same time, resolved on having an excellent supper on the table, with wine, whiskey, brandy, and books, that there might be no lack of food, of either an animal or an intellectual character; and having, in pursuance of this wise resolution, arranged all her plans, she felt as if a weight had been removed from her heart, and became quite joyous and gay.

To be continued.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

BY R. ATHOW WEST.

"Whither shall I seek relief?
Wherefore am I stricken thus?
Ah! no lover shares my grief—
Death, alas! hath parted us!

"Parted!—yes, the fatal truth
Deeper sinks into my heart:
Mutual love and blooming youth,
Could not stay his cruel dart!

"Scarcely two revolving years
O'er our wedded life had passed,
E'er my couch is wet with tears,
All my fondest hopes o'ercastr!

"Scarcely had I tasted yet
At the stream of wedded bliss,
E'er I look with vain regret
For the vanished happiness!

"O 'twas sweet at evening hour,
All our mutual love to tell,
Gladly own His Sovereign power,
Kindly ordered all things well!

"O 'twas sweet at early dawn,
E'er the busy world we met—
By his gracious spirit drawn,
Each to bow at Jesu's feet!

"Now my heart's best friend is gone!
Now I mourn my hapless fate!
Wander, widowed and alone,
O'er the earth disconsolate!

"Thou, O God, my husband art!
Father of the fatherless!
O support this trembling heart,
And my orphan offspring bless!"

Thus a youthful widow mourned
O'er the bier of him she loved!
Busy memory sadly turned
To the joys her heart had proved!

As she mourned, a glory came,
Brightly beaming all around,
Softly calling on her name,
Thence there came an oral sound:—

"By permission from above,
I am come to dry thy tears;
Object still of tenderest love,
I am sent to calm thy fears!

"Do not deem thy husband lost;—
Borne along on angel-wing,
Jordan's swelling stream I crossed,
Gained the 'city of the King'!

"Through the pearly gates I pressed,
Crossed the golden pavement o'er;
O that city of the blest,
Beams with light forevermore!

"On the mansions of the saints,
Only saints themselves can gaze!
There no wearied spirit faints—
Prayer is turned to endless praise!

"Now with myriads round the throne,
Pure celestial strains I sing:
Now, in mystic union one,
Angel-like, on buoyant wing,

"O'er the pleasant land of light,
'Mid the scenes of glory there—
On we pass in rapid flight,
Through the fragrant, balmy air!

"Yet at times, by power Divine,
Leave I those transcendent realms,
Gladly guard thyself and thine,
See no evil tide o'erwhelms!

"Deem not then thy lot too hard,
Bear it!—'tis my utmost gain,—
God himself thy path shall guard,
Surely He can make it plain!"

Hushed that well-known voice and still,
Waned those beams of glorious light;
Stooping to His heavenly will,
Who alone doth all things right,

Then the widow dried her tears,
Pressed her offspring to her breast,
Scattered to the winds her fears,
Felt her heart, by faith, could rest

On the promise of her God,
Prove Him father, husband, friend:
Sure through life's uneven road,
He would guide her to the end.

INTELLECTUAL CATERERS.

BY E. T. W. S.

In these days of epicurism and complete indulgence of the corporeal appetites, it appears that the science of Gastronomy is to be fully investigated, its excellencies to be exhibited, its precepts respected, and its practice to be universally inculcated. The works of Dr. Kitchener, on the culinary art, has in Europe passed through numerous editions, and Monsieur Ude is exhibited by the various periodicals as "professor of gastronomy, &c., &c.," and the ever greedy stomach is to be pampered with every variety and taste of food, from the Old Country's fare of roast beef, to the soups, sauces, and gravies of Messieurs Ude and Kitchener.

But this glutting of the appetite is not confined to the animal world;—the intellectual world also comes in for its share. So numerous is the host of intellectual caterers,—as editors and publishers well know,—such the quantity and variety of the repasts they offer, that the mental appetite may have unlimited indulgence, and there yet be “enough and to spare.” Many are there of the higher order of intelligences, who, with a philanthropy which it is to be wished the public could *duly* appreciate, are standing forth equipped in the various *acoutrements* of their office, and opening the storehouses of their knowledge for general distribution.

First, and most to be valued, are those who, dealing in solidity of argument and simple energy of style, afford a repast to the mind which neither cloy the appetite, nor vitiates the system;—requiring a healthy digestion, and yet stimulating thereto,—imparting life, health and vigor to the intellectual faculties. And as wholesome and nutritious food is most agreeable to the corporeal appetite, so will such intellectual food be longest relished by the mind. Perhaps these remarks may be most applicable to prose writers, they having the best opportunity of studying conciseness of expression and cogency of argument.

Poets—they who are really and fully under the inspiration of the muses—also rank high amongst these intellectual caterers. They who furnish a long succession of dainties for mental consumption, and they whose peculiar forte it is to furnish desserts and occasional brief repasts, in the form of sonnets and short poems “served up” in periodicals and annuals, are each deserving of praise for the determination they seem to have entered into that there shall be no lack of supplies. Nay, the increase of these intellectual morceaux even exceeds that of more substantial diet. In the present day we are glutted with them in every variety of lines, couplets, triplets, verses, sonnets, odes, elegies and poems, either unadorned with any thing save the purity and simplicity of Nature’s language, or decorated with the more gaudy flowers of imagination, and the exquisite finery of modern arts. Undoubtedly such trifles are agreeable as an occasional relief from the routine of solid food, and affording a little variation of diet, yet it is desirable that their number were less extensive, their use less general, and their place supplied by stronger and more wholesome food, since they have a tendency to vitiate the intellectual taste, and to give a languid and unhealthy tone to the mental capabilities.

It is not, however, with either of these that this paper has to do. It is rather with those who, having in their own unfurnished craniums nothing fit for mental consumption, and yet being wishful to appear as intellectual caterers, gather sentences from one author and ideas from another, and having made a confused medley of the whole, usher them forth into the world, to meet the ridicule of an already over-fed public. Oh, how such writers swarm! decked out, like the jay in the fable, in the plumes of their superiors, and strutting forth in all the arrogance of self-conceit and vanity! Perchance some one of the Muses nine, in some playful but unlucky freak, has breathed transiently upon one of these “young authors.” The subtle vapor insinuates itself through the intellectual system, and gives a thrilling sensation to every nerve. A morbid sensibility ensues—the youth wanders beside meandering rills, all mournful, lone and sad,—a melancholy paleness sits upon his brow,—his friends, especially of the softer sex, pronounce his appearance to be highly intellectual, and look, and smile, and fondly gaze, as he becomes more and more deeply interesting, and finally he is spoken of as “our young friend, the poet,” and now he can no longer refrain from the pen that has so often invited. The fatal disease, the *cacaothes scribendi* is upon him, and the well-known symptoms soon appear. The first literary production is addressed to the lady who first discovered his latent genius—extraordinary but unlucky powers of vision—and appears under the title of “Lines addressed to Miss —.” She of course must praise to whom the “first efforts of a youthful muse” are addressed. In quick succession all the young ladies within the circle of his radiant orb receive acrostics, sonnets, or birth-day odes! He is now a LITERARY CATERER, though but recently initiated into the mysteries of his profession, and he straightway commences the distribution of his stale provisions.

But to “dismiss the table.” I once had the acquaintance of one of these, but some friendly criticisms of mine, and my advising him “not to publish yet,” lost me his friendship. He took his farewell in some stanzas, of which the following is one:

“And now, sir, your patience I’ll not any more tax,
For that friendship’s but weak, if it is not like wax;
So I beg for the future advised you’ll be,
And not bother your brains about me.”

Stand back, ye candidates for literary fame! for many are they who with equal talents, not to say superior, are ready to dispute the ground with you. We wish you may succeed. Vale.

SONNET.

HORACE LIBER II.—ODE XIV.

"Ehuc! fugaces," etc.

Alas! how soon is gone the fleeting day!
 How swiftly by us glide the flying years!
 Nor swayed by pity, nor redeemed by tears,
 Heedless of each, Time urges on his way!
 With Youth and Manhood, ah! how brief his stay,
 And Age comes on, and gives us to discover
 That the cold grave ourselves are tottering over,
 And soon must yield to Death's unquestioned
 sway!
 What then is wisdom? Not the caustic sneer
 At piety benign; or 'mid the maze
 Of sin to wander; but with heart sincere
 To practice virtue, that we yet may hear
 Those notes mellifluous of angelic praise,
 Floating in heaven's bright realms, when Time hath
 ceased his days!

R. ATHOW WEST.

THE STOLEN SHOULDERS.

BY THE LATE AUTHOR OF "THREE COURSES AND A
DESSERT."

(Concluded.)

My Lord had arranged his seat so as to sum up with ease, and the jury turned to him with open mouths. Before he began, however, he thought fit to blow his nose.—Odd as it may seem, this trifling event had a material influence on the destinies of myself and of the prisoner at the bar. During the operation, an idea flashed like lightning on my brain, and modest as I was, I felt instinctively compelled to broach it—ay, even in open court, with my own voice, than the sound of which, to a retiring youth, in a public assembly, nothing can be more awful.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said the Judge, "I beg leave"—

"My Lord," quoth I, in a trembling tone, interrupting his address.

"Silence in the Court," vociferated the usher.

"How dare you interrupt the proceedings, young man?" quoth the Judge, in a solemnity of tone that seemed to drive every drop of blood in my body to my overcharged heart. "Gentlemen of the Jury"—

"My Lord—my Lord!" I emphatically gasped.

"Who is this youth?" inquired his Lordship.

"A clerk, I believe, of my respectable client," responded our counsel; "Mr. Zachary Hobbs, who happens to be concerned for the prisoner."

"Oh, indeed," ejaculated my Lord.—"Well, young gentleman, what have you to say?"

"My Lord," I replied, worked up to a pitch of desperation, for all eyes were turned

upon me, and there was no possibility of receding from the conspicuous station which I had so rashly assumed, "it is impossible, on account of the press of barristers, to get round to our counsel in this case, who would doubtless press the point I have to urge, if instructed so to do, with much more force than myself; but such, I humbly submit, is no reason why the prisoner should not have the benefit of it."

"Certainly," said his Lordship; "waiving forms, tell us at once, young gentleman, what is your point."

"Why, my Lord," said I, somewhat encouraged, "the prosecutor's case is concluded."

"Decidedly," quoth the Bench.

"Well, then," said I, getting bolder by degrees, "what has he proved? First, that two sheep were stolen—granted. Secondly, that two shoulders of such sheep were found baking in our client's oven—granted again; but what is our client charged with in the indictment? This, namely, for having feloniously received, and being found in possession of, two shoulders of such two sheep. I admit his having been detected in the apparent ownership of the two shoulders; but no one has proved that one belonged to one of the sheep, and the other to the other—no witness has sworn that they were not right and left. Had any one shown in evidence that they were two right shoulders, or two left, then our client might have been convicted of having received 'parts of the said two sheep;' but as the testimony stands, he may only have had two shoulders of one of them—one right, and the other left. He cannot, therefore, be convicted of having feloniously received parts of the two sheep, when perhaps, (and he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt,) he may only have received two limbs of one of them."

The Judge listened to me—so, indeed, the whole Court—with breathless attention; and, when I concluded, his Lordship threw himself back on the bench with the look and air of an exceedingly ill-used man. Our counsel bit his hang-nails with much ferocity, increased, I presume, at not having had the credit of taking such an objection himself. The twelve good men and true, stared stupidly into each other's faces, like so many mystified sheep in a pen; and the brute at the bar, who seemed to be conscious that affairs had taken a turn in his favor, began to dance the double-shuffle, whistling at the same time, with great energy, the tune of "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," through his nose. It was no easy task to subdue him to propriety; but this being at length effected by the gaoler and

his assistants, literally—all other means to put an end to so gross a scandal failing—by two of them holding his arms, a third hanging hard by his legs, and a third gripping him tight by the proboscis; the Judge, still looking indignant, leant forward over his desk, and thus addressed the Bar in general, but our counsel in particular, to the following effect:—"Really, this sort of a thing is far from being productive of delight. Gentlemen seem to forget the heavy responsibility thrown upon the Bench. When counsel are employed for prisoners, the Court relies on their attention to every point that can be brought forward in favor of the accused. But what's the consequence? Here is a man who, however guilty he may be in a moral point of view, yet, looking at the indictment, is, in the eye of the law, perfectly innocent. I should have summed up strongly against him; the verdict would doubtless have been *Guilty*; and, laying my hand upon my heart, I solemnly declare it was my intention to have transported him for life. Now, I ask, is not this awful? Positively it's quite amazing to me that the point, so well put by his client's clerk—a point so very obvious—should not have occurred to the ingenious counsel retained by the prisoner."

"My Lord," exclaimed the gentleman thus directly alluded to, and almost bursting with vexation; "allow me to submit that the point, being—as your Lordship is pleased to observe—so very obvious, it is more strange that even the Court itself"—

"Oh! don't take what I've said as being at all derogatory to a gentleman of such high talents as yourself," interrupted the Judge, recollecting, perhaps, on a sudden, and sorry to have forgotten, while making the previous observations, that he had hopes of being, on a vacancy occurring, placed at the head, either of his own, or one of the other Courts of Westminster; and that the person whom he addressed, though nobody, as it were, at the bar, was an M. P., and nearly allied to a noble family possessing the most exalted political interest. "What I have said," his Lordship continued, "I wish to be understood in a general sense. Besides," he added, with a leer at the lady to whom our counsel had been speaking, and whom for the first time (the lovely creature having just thrown back her rich Valenciennes veil over her satin bonnet,) I now discovered to be the rich heiress, the general toast, supreme beauty, and absolute pride of the whole county, my employer's rompish daughter, Kate;—"in Miss Kitty Hobb's presence we must not be severe, for,

as the immortal poet (I forgot his name) aptly says:—

"If to HIS share some trivial errors fall,
Look in HER face and you'll forget them all."

A buzz of approbation arose, and the delicious Kitty, blushing up to her brilliant eyes, hastily and awkwardly drew down her Valenciennes veil. How my heart palpitated!

For a moment silence prevailed. It was broken by the Judge thus abruptly addressing Serjeant Bagtheblunt, leading counsel for the prosecution. "Well, brother Bagtheblunt, what have you to urge against the objection?"

"I leave the matter entirely with your Lordship," replied the Serjeant.

"Then, gentlemen," quoth his Lordship, addressing himself to the jury with much gravity, "I am bound to direct an acquittal. Two sheep have clearly been stolen, and two shoulders of the stolen mutton have been undeniably traced to the prisoner's oven; but it has not been proved that such two shoulders were, as the indictment charges, 'parts of the said two sheep:' for all we know, they might be parts only of one of them. You must, therefore, of course, find the prisoner not guilty."

The Jury did so; and I rushed out of Court, dancing with joy. I hastened homewards, enjoying by anticipation, as I went, the hearty applause of my respected employer. On passing the window of his private office, I saw him closeted with Lord Rolthead. Both of them caught a glimpse of me, and no sooner had I entered the house, than I was summoned to their presence.

"Well, what's the result?" quoth my employer, as I entered the room.

"Transported for life, of course?" apathetically observed Lord B.

"No, my Lord," said I, delighted at his anticipation.

"What!" quoth he, in a drawling tone; "you havn't let them hang him, I hope, young man, have you!"

"Far from it, my Lord," I replied with affected nonchalance. "He's acquitted."

"Acquitted!" exclaimed my employer, dropping his nether jaw.

"Preposterous," said his Lordship.—"The fellow's guilt was so clear, that all the lawyers in the universe could not have got him off. You must be mistaken, young man, from your imperfect acquaintance with legal forms. Acquitted, eh? That would be unfortunate, indeed, after my having gone to the expense, and taken the precaution, in order to make assurance doubly sure, of employing my own confidential professional adviser on his behalf. Ac-

quitted, eh? You are wrong, young gentleman, you ought to be more attentive—you ought, indeed."

"Your Lordship will be good enough to excuse him, I hope," said the attorney; "a mistake on this point is to be attributed to inexperience, and, I fear, an unusual degree of dullness. Quit the room, sir, hasten back to the Court, and for the satisfaction of his Lordship, procure from the clerk of the arraigns an official minute of the vagabond's conviction and sentence. It's not quite regular—but get it at any price; stay, mention my name. Fly. Through your stupidity, I shall be laboring under a serious imputation until you return."

At this moment a sudden but terrific uproar was heard in the outer office, and before one could whistle, in burst Aminada Loam, with all the official establishment, excepting myself, hanging, like duckweeds about a pike pursuing a trout, from various parts of his body and limbs. To him, the stalwart vagabond, a posse of pale, lean lawyer's clerks offered no impediment.—Lord Rolthead was struck aghast; Lawyer Hobbs trembled from head to foot; and to speak the truth, I myself felt far more uncomfortable than before, for the brute had evidently been drinking since his discharge.

"Liberty for ever!" vociferated he: "liberty! my Lord! and moreover thank your Lordship for it. I come to pay my respects as soon as possible. Hurrah! hurrah! I say for Lord Rolthead, and three cheers, twice a week, afore the church door, for lawyer Hobbs. Hang all transportation, and transport all hanging! Mind me, my Lord, I shan't forget this. Never more, while Aminadab Loam lives, shall a hare be wired, or a pheasant noosed in your preserves; I means to cut it; and further than that, every one else shall cut it, too, in this parish, or feel a fist most folks have a right to be afeard of, meaning my own. No more baked shoulders of sheep for supper; nay, nay, I feels, though I'm handy nigh to drunk, a reformed man. And what d'ye think has made me so? Why, your kindness. I've got a place at plough already, and means to go home to mother and cry like a child. Excuse me, my Lord, but your Lordship and Lawyer Hobbs for ever! Hurra! I be a new man. But I say, Master Hobbs," he added, looking significantly towards me, "that's a deep 'un.—Keep a sharp eye upon him, or, mind me, he'll do you."

So saying, the fellow, attended by the clerks whom he had dragged into the room with him, departed, and I was again left with Lord Rolthead and Mr. Hobbs.

"This is very strange, Hobbs," his Lordship was pleased to remark.

"Perfectly unaccountable," replied the attorney.

"Your stupid clerk, then, it seems, was right after all."

"It would seem so, indeed," responded my employer, "but how in the name of fortune," he added, addressing himself to me, did this occur? Sir Gumption must have been mad."

In reply I gave him a plain, unvarnished account of the whole affair, at the conclusion of which, after having exchanged a most significant look with Lord Rolthead, he arose from his seat, clutched me by the elbow, and so conducted me through the outer office, to his front door, where, with sarcastic politeness, he wished me an excessively good afternoon, pledged himself to forward my portmanteau, with a quarter's salary in lieu of notice, to the Bull Inn, no less speedily than would be possible, and advised me to seek for a more extensive arena in which to display my talents; "for," he observed, "believe me, young gentleman, you are much too clever to have your extraordinary talents buried in so dull and honest a village as this."

As he, rather rudely, pushed me down the steps from his front door, Sir Gumption Taw, in a flashy currie, containing, besides himself, a young tiger behind, the glorious Miss Kitty, and her pet poodle in front, pulled up at the foot of them.

I went away, disconsolate as ever man or boy could possibly be; and yet I trust the kind reader will be gratified to know, that, as the song says, "I managed my matters so neatly," that within six weeks from the time when I was almost kicked from the door of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs, on account of my want of stupidity, Sir Gumption Taw was jilted, and I became, by stratagem, the matrimonial yokefellow of my darling Kate.

THE POOR.

The poor—the laboring poor, whose weary lives,
Through many a hungry night and freezing day,
Are a reproach to him who only strives
In luxury to waste his hours away;—
The patient poor, whose insufficient means
Make sickness dreadful, yet by whose low bed
Oft in meek prayer some fellow-sufferer leans,
And trusts in heaven while destitute of bread;—
The workhouse orphan, left without a friend,
Or weak forsaken child of want and sin,
Whose helpless life begins, as it must end,
By men disputing who shall take it in,—
Who clothe—who aid that spark to linger here,
Which for mysterious purpose God hath given,
To struggle through a day of toil and fear,
And meet him, with the proudest, up in heaven!

A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE TO AN ALBUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

Album list! thy lady fair
 Bids thine early pages bear
 Just a passing lay of mine
 With thy future flowers to entwine!
 Ne'er in vain is her request,
 Most beloved of friends, and best!
 Ne'er in vain she asks a lay,
 Partner of my devious way!
 Album, listen then to me,
 Whilst I sketch thy destiny.

Other minds, of greater power,
 Lit by thought in brighter hour,
 Will their rich o'erflowings give,
 Bid them on thy pages live!
 Poesy will give its strain,
 Binding all in fancy's reign:—
 Prose will yield its sterling worth;
 Tones of sadness, notes of mirth;—
 Poesy and prose should be
 Clad in virgin purity.

As an ocean, hiding gems,
 Coral, pearls, and diadems;
 As a spring-clad meadow gay,
 Spangled with the flowers of May;
 As a sky of deepest blue,
 Decked with stars of silvery hue;
 As a jeweled casket bright
 Beauteous, lovely to the sight;
 Album, may thy pages be—
 Such be thy proud destiny.

TITUS THE GARDENER,

OR THE DEMON-GOOSEBERRY.

A COUNTRY TALE.

[From the London Illustrated Magazine.]

Being in my own person a great patron of all institutions calculated to promote learning and science of any kind, I some years ago became a subscriber to the Great Hammaway Horticultural Society,—a society, which, as appears by its title, has for its object the improvement of the various breeds of apples, quinces, and pot-herbs.

In this situation it has been my good fortune to encounter, face to face, many of those ingenious fellows, who, through the medium of societies like ours, render themselves notorious, and obtain a great name in the world by growing prodigious Titan-like cabbages and gooseberries.

Now I consider it a certain sign of great personal merit to be able to produce such large vegetables and berries, according to the well-known saying, that every man is known by his fruit. The grower of the finest specimens of any kind is therefore the most superlative genius, and that is the rea-

son we always reward such by medals and copper tea-kettles; it being expedient that the genius of science and arts should patronise her votaries by rewards. At the same time, entertaining a strong belief in phrenology, I have always held a strong private opinion that the growers of particular vegetables and fruits were some way or other endowed with an organ corresponding with the peculiar kind of culture in which they excelled. This opinion has been confirmed by the observation and experience of many years. Thus, I have found that those members of our society who, on the average, (and it is only through general and comprehensive observations such truths can be arrived at,) took the greatest number of prizes for the biggest cabbages, possessed, one with another, a large cabbage-organ in the skull, which, by its great preponderance over the ordinary thinking faculties, rendered them in a manner unfit for much rational conversation. The pith of their brains appeared to represent the crumpled heart of a cabbage; insomuch that a man in conversation found no difficulty in imagining he was being addressed by an animated winter-green or a civil gentlemanly savoy. While such as become most famed for the largest and best potatoes—Long Kidneys or Yorkshire Reds—had invariably, (I speak advisedly,) heads like a bag of of those roots; or, in other words, as rugged and lumpy as a village pebble-paved causeway.

Upon the whole I have ever found all classes of the great growers, strange mortals,—“Rum'uns to look at,” and in company much inclined to the contemplation of red and black earths, bone, horse, and pig manures, grubs, larvæ, and slugs. Yet have I also generally found their acquaintance well worth cultivating; and having been tolerably successful in that pursuit, can now boast of as extensive a friendship with the great growers, as any horticulturist in the three kingdoms. It has even crossed my mind that some day I would sit down and write their biographies;—classing them under the respective heads of Turnip, Leek, Carrot, Gooseberry, and the like; just in the same manner as other great men are classed, as Painters, Poets, Astronomers, &c. Whether this seed of the mind will ever shoot beyond the present paper, time alone can tell. But that the reader may be the better enabled to judge of the interest attached to such a work, let me particularly draw his attention to the following sketch of Titus,—one of the most talented and enterprising members of the Hammaway Horticultural Society.

Now, Hammaway, the place of my residence, though according to law a market-town, is yet in magnitude and trade scarcely superior to many a village in the same county. That is, it may be properly resembled to a great booby, who is making his transit from lad to manship. About two thousand of its souls weave stockings for the London market;—thus, just enabling themselves to maintain each a coat out at elbows,—a face like a peggy-lantern's which serves no turn but that of frightening the respectable inhabitants,—a wife who is always mopping her floor,—and a matter of about, on the average, fifteen children a-piece.

Hammaway is, as it were, fenced about by small garden-plots, or rather whole fields divided into squares like a chess-board, separated by stunted hedges, and let to the poor souls above named, to whom they become like little Edens,—snippings of the garden of Paradise itself. Having but one day in a week which they can devote to cultivation, and that the day which the curate demands, but demands in vain, you may see from ten to fifteen hundred of them on a summer's Sunday morning, all anxious to make the best of time, with their coats off,—perhaps laid on the hedges or suspended by the nape on an upright stick like a scare-crow,—delving, raking, hoeing, planting, uprooting and watering, at a rate which might mislead a stranger to believe they were working in the last stage of desperation for their lives. This, however, their generous enthusiasm leads them to esteem in no other light than as admirable exercise and relaxation after the week's toil; and knowing their time is short, and that the day of rest (even though it happens to be the longest in the year,) must soon be over, they in general scarcely allow themselves time to return to their homes for dinner. Such, however, as do trespass on their amusement so far, usually swallow their meals as nearly all of a lump as the orifice of the throat will allow,—(and that, by the bye, with your hard-working man is not small,)—and without waiting to digest them, hurry back to their garden plots at a rate most nearly resembling a foot race between a couple of hundreds or so of competitors at one and the same time. Whilst those who remain behind and pass the whole blissful time amongst their brocolis and potatoes, may be observed, at about 1 o'clock, to snatch a few minutes of time, rest on their spades, pull a dry crust out of their pockets, stuff it into their mouths like a bung, take a swig at the watering-pan, and then at it again.

Such is about the manner in which the

generality of our population dispose of their Sundays. Though we are not without some of those ale, pipe, and political poor men who carry their profanation of those days so far as to retire to their places called summer-houses,—that is to say, small stud and mud erections, about the size of the now departed watchman's boxes, composed of three sides, a door, and a tile lid on the top,—and spend all the hours between morning and night in drinking, shouting, and maintaining a continual tainted smell in the otherwise pure summer atmosphere, of rank and pestiferous sham-tobacco smoke.

But amongst this multitude of amateur tillers of the earth, whom to look at when engaged in their interesting operations, the spectator might imagine not worth, to purchase, five shillings per hundred, are to be found some of the brightest ornaments, the most shining stars of the Hammaway Horticultural Society,—men who reflect lustre on their native town, and are looked upon by strangers, whenever such happen to see them.

I have said that our raisers of Herculean fruit are for the most part a knot of strange-looking scrubs. One Mr. Jeffrey Todds, for instance, near the oldest member of the society, is as remarkable a vessel to look at as soul ever set eyes on. You would think him all stem and ramifications, like a huge leaf animated; and when engaged in his garden, hunting snails out of his banks, the cunningest eyesight might be defied to distinguish him from the barks of the old willows about him; an effect to which, beyond a doubt, his pepper-and-salt long coat contributes, although there is still something of that impalpable green and yellowness in his phiz so characteristic of aged barks, and which I suppose he has unconsciously acquired by his continual intercommunication and cheek-by-jowlship with them. His head, from being as bald as the ivory top of a walking-stick, has the appearance of an immense yellow pumpkin; or, lest this simile should be not sufficiently comprehended by the reader, is in other words about the size of a grocer's tea-canister. On the other hand, the dark oily countenance of Mr. James Swinburn, another of our most highly respected members, reminds one of nothing so much as a spring evening's moist slug.

But not a soul of them all, no, not one of the delving race within our society, is for an instant to be compared to the late great, and also personally tall TITUS. For the ardor of his genius in the pursuit, the splendor of his various growths, the amount of prizes awarded to him, and his disastrous and

most extraordinary death—he must be considered as much superior to all others, as is the poplar of the meadow in height above all other trees. He was the life and soul of our society, or more correctly speaking, the very apple of its eye. But alas! he is gone, and we are left blind on the best side of the society's face.

At our general meetings he was always distinguishable above others, as conspicuously as was his fruit above theirs. Nature having taken more than usual mother's care to manure and water him so well during his growth, that when arrived at his standard height, he measured six feet four from the ground to the topmost part of his trunk.—Unfortunately he threw out no branches,—in other words, he left no family behind him,—or we might now have had a cutting of that excellent tree engrafted upon the society. I knew him during a period of fourteen or fifteen summers, and from lengthened observation can confidently assert that a greater enthusiast in any pursuit never crossed my widest path. Weather had not the least visible effect upon him. He went to his garden amid thunder-storms, with the same punctuality as in sunshine,—during floods and frosts equally as in dry weather and hot. I have known him when his garden, like the borders of the Nile, has been covered with water all over nearly knee deep, take off his shoes and stockings, hang them round his neck, roll up his trousers like two thick rings or ferrules round his lower extremities, in the greatest unconcern, and with equal pleasure as at other times. It was not for the purpose of *doing* anything, but only to see the state of the case, and report the depth of water in the gardens to the nightly visitors (members of course) at the sign of "The Frog and Tadpole," near Scum Ditch, on an outskirt of Hammaway, close upon the gardens. The society on such occasions entertained great fears lest he should jeopardize his valuable existence by cold resulting in consumption: and indeed on two occasions of remarkably heavy floods, accompanied by piercing blasts, formally passed a resolution forbidding him to wade about his plot until land again appeared. He seemed to bow to the society's wishes, but was afterwards detected privately splashing about as usual. A vote of censure was passed on the commission of the second offence, merely to maintain the outward dignity of the society; though even those individuals who voted in its favor did so under feelings of no ordinary nature. Once, he happily discovered a thief getting up trees out of the softened and muddy ground, and under pretence of arresting

him, gave him a sound thrashing first, and then lugged him off to the constable. For this exploit a special reward was agreed upon for Titus, and after a comfortable supper, the chairman concluded a flowery speech by presenting him in the name of the society with a new three-legged iron pot.

The constancy of his attendance at his garden, day-light permitting, was astonishing. Exactly at five minutes after six in the evening, he was regularly to be seen crossing the short moor between Hammaway and his garden; and at dusk, be that whatever hour it might, he was as regularly to be observed returning home with a sprig of green or a flower stuck in the corner of his mouth, and a second in some favored button-hole. So constant indeed was he to his minute of going there, that many of those inhabitants of the lower end of the town who dwelt too far off the church to hear the clock strike, were long in the habit of setting their Dutch clocks and watches by him; as well perceiving that while he had a spring left to keep him going, he was as truly to be depended on as the sun himself.

Some few weeks previous to our last summer-show of fruit, Titus went to his garden as usual. A drizzly soaking evening it was; and throughout the whole range of garden-plots, scarcely a soul was to be seen, save himself. In the dusk and mistiness of coming night, his long scrambling limbs, his height, and awkward postures, seemed to resemble him to some strange bogle dabbling and fishing for frogs amidst a swamp; for such the low dewy gardens then appeared when viewed from the surrounding eminences. To the astonishment of all Hammaway, he did not return to his home until full an hour later than his regular time; that is, until it had become almost dark.

At that time he was met by a belated market-woman coming at an unusual pace along the road across the common, which, to her terrified gaze, his gaunt legs seemed to swallow up as he strode. Beside him was a creature like a man, but so diminutive, that the coat-laps of Titus occasionally flapped in his face. Yet that tall worthy could not outstrip him. Such a man had never before been seen in our parts, except in a penny show at the annual fair; and as the woman passed them she overheard—unless her senses deceived her—she overheard Titus exclaim energetically to the little biped by his side,—“Done!—I’ll take it!”

At that moment the feet of the dwarf—thing struck fire on the pebble stones over which they walked, and the market-woman

smelt brimstone as plainly as the nose was on her face. This latter circumstance was however afterwards declared to be no miracle; since it was confidently asserted, though the housewives of Hammaway would never hear of it, that she carried from market that night no less than three-pennyworths of the old-fashioned matches in her basket.

This encounter soon became known and enlarged in all its suspicious circumstances and horrors. Some wisely declared they had their thoughts as well as other folks.—Some again spoke outright, and avowed their belief that Titus had done neither more nor less than consort with the Devil, for the sake of forcing his goose-berries by and through the aid of that old gentleman's underground hot-bed,—it being notorious that up to the point of time of which I am speaking, Titus had been most low in spirits, in consequence of the unusual backwardness of his fruit; while afterwards he mounted up to the highest pinnacle of hope, being frequently heard to declare his solemn conviction that, late as it was, he should take every individual prize for the berries, rough and smooth.

Many had the curiosity afterwards to lie in wait when Titus went to his garden of an evening, in anticipation of seeing him once more enjoying the society of his strange companion, and, if possible, of tracing out where he came from and whither he vanished to; but in every instance were they disappointed,—he never came again.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

BY E. T. W. S.

Awhile farewell to thee, my love,
A long and sad farewell,
To thy dear ivy-mantled cot,
The deep and shady dell;—
The deep and shady dell, where oft
We've strayed, and whispered love,
The dusk of eve upon the Earth,
The twinkling stars above!

Awhile farewell to them, to thee,
Dear idol of my heart:
I wait but for the fickle wind,
Then dearest I depart:—
Then dearest I depart, and far,
Far o'er the moonlit sea,
Thine Edwin's bark shall proudly bear
Thine own away from thee!

And while I brave the mountain wave,
And spread my sails afar,
My thoughts shall daily turn to thee,
Thou'lt be my guiding star:—
Thou'lt be my guiding star, my love,

My own bright Emma, thou!
I'll daily pledge my heart to thee,
And heaven shall hear my vow.

Yet, though that were a grateful pledge,
Let no wild fears arise
In thy fond breast, no briny tears
Be glistening in thine eyes;—
Be glistening in thine eyes, for one
Who ploughs the stormy main:
His bark and Providence to guide,
Shall bring him home again.

And when I leave the open sea,
And seek my much-loved home:
And thou shalt see my whitening sails,
Say, dearest, wilt thou come:—
Say, dearest, wilt thou come to meet
Thine Edwin on the sand;
And greet him welcome with thy smile,
And pledge him there thy hand?

Thou wilt! Thou wilt! then let me press
Thy lips ere I depart:
One chaste, pure, fervent kiss to tell
Good faith is in each heart:—
Good faith is in each heart, tho' far
Far o'er the moonlit sea,
Thine Edwin's bark doth proudly bear
Thine own away from thee.

MESMERISM;

ITS DANGERS AND CURIOSITIES.

From 'Punch.'

Most surely it is high time that the state should turn its attention to Mesmerism.—Of what avail the thousands and hundreds of pounds subscribed by nobles and bishops for the goodly purposes of Christian education, when professors of Mesmerism are suffered to sap the very foundations of civil society (as Colonel Sibthorp would say), by making the innocent unintentional felons? Within these few days, one William Bowen has been charged at Worship-Street with stealing a linen sheet; when his brother (a professor of Mesmerism) defended the prisoner, alleging that he committed the felony when in a state of "Mesmeric coma." The professor further alleged, that "the mesmeric influence operated in different ways upon the accused; for, on a former occasion, he manifested a disposition to destroy everything that came in his way." It appeared that his last attack had been produced by a visit to the Surry Theatre. We know not what is at present acted at that favored resort; but if it be *Jack Sheppard*, or any of its class of drama, we need not call in Mesmerism to account for the stolen property. The magistrate, however, was deaf to the appeal of science, and the Mes-

meric felon was sent to goal for one-and-twenty days. This was the more unfortunate for the Professor, as he had determined upon a forthcoming lecture, in which his brother, though blindfolded, was to have read any book—thus displaying his powers of *clairvoyance*. Pity it is, that William Bowen had not, by such means, made himself master of the Act of Parliament which punishes sheet-stealing with lodgings in goal.

We, however, return to our first opinion. Parliament ought to appoint a committee to inquire into the philosophy of "Mesmeric coma;" otherwise, the judges, in their ignorance, may continue to imprison and transport the unfortunate as voluntary felons, when, in fact, they may have merely committed forgery, burglary, (bigamy, by the way, we think a very likely offence, under the circumstances), highway robbery, and coining, when in a state of Mesmeric oblivion. If Mesmerism be a true thing, and capable of turning the moral self of man thus inside out, ought not its practice to be put down by statutes? In the good old times, our careful fathers burnt and drowned witches; astrology was condemned; nay, even in our day, the fortune-teller taken in the fact, is sentenced, by the unrelenting magistrate, to the revolution of the treadmill. Hawk-eyed propriety forbids the intrusion of gipsies into Greenwich Park, lest Easter maids and apprentices be thrown into delirious coma by the golden promises of the scarlet-vested sybils. Why, then, should the man of Mesmerism be suffered to tamper with that very delicate clockwork, the moral principle, keeping time for better or worse, in all men? Heaven knows, that, like the clock of St. Clement's Church, it is of itself too apt to vary; now going fast, now slow, and now entirely standing still.—We need no Mesmeric professor to set the whole mechanism in disorder. We again ask, why is a Doctor Elliotson permitted to Mesmerize, when some venerable John Hocuspocus is dragged from Field-lane or Breakneck-steps, for simply divining to Molly the maid the complexion and handicraft of her future husband, and the number and sex of the children whereof he is to be the happy and honored father? The Doctor, operating upon some William Bowen, transforms him into an unconscious robber. The vulgar conjuror sends Molly home six inches higher with the thoughts of speedy marriage; whereupon she tells her mistress to "answer the bell herself;" and, for such impertinence, Molly is straightway told, to "pack up her alls," and trudge. The conjuror is punished for the mischief he may do—the Mesmerist escapes scot-

free: and wherefore? Oh, he is a professor!

Be it understood, we venture no irreverent fling at Mesmerism. No; we confess our ignorance. We will not swear that it may not rank with the noblest truths as yet vouchsafed to man: we will not swear that it is one iota beyond the manly and athletic science of pea-and-thimble. Still, wishing, as zealous watchers of public morals, to be upon the safe side, we will allow, with its advocates, that Mesmerism, like poetry, is "a true thing;" that it is mysteriously subtle in its operation, "deep, almost as life;" that it sets at nought all individual character, all human responsibility, making those who suffer it unconscious apostates—monstrous libels upon themselves—fools, zanies, mountebanks! We will allow this, and so allowing, ask with deeper earnestness for heavy penalties upon those who practise this newest Black Art. No man, woman, or child may be safe from it; therefore, we hazard no extravagance in assuming a few cases, and, upon their social importance, asking for new and stringent laws to reach them.

Mesmerism—so treasonous is the heart of man—might be practised upon the "highest personage in the land." Who shall say what its effects might be?—who shall answer for their strange development? Whilst suffering the "coma," that high personage might command to Windsor table a very rabble of English philosophers, poets, sculptors, artists. Up to the present time not one of them has a chance of seeing even the "unused cut pieces" of royal bread—unless, indeed, as a future pauper; but by the aid of Mesmerism, science and literature, like the boy Jones, might slip in.

Another personage, second to the "highest," might, if Mesmerized, cast into oblivion the military cap, and do nothing but invent new spatterdashes for her Majesty's army.

Can we hide from ourselves the danger of the Mesmeric coma on a temperament like that of the Duke of Cambridge? In a state of total unconsciousness, might he not, to his own ruin, insist upon paying his brother York's debts, and sending bank cheques to all the charities of London!

Consider, too, the probable effects of Mesmerism on the House of Lords. Let us suppose Lord Brougham in a state of coma. Might he not, in this condition, behave like a gentleman for at least a whole sitting?

But we have said enough, we trust, to awaken the Government to a sense of the social danger involved in Mesmerism, unless duly guarded by enactments. Having

shown its perils, it is now our pleasing task to lay before the reader many of its advantages.

On the 23rd ult. Messrs. Hughes and Hagley illuminated the dim region of Hammersmith with a Mesmeric lecture, in which the wonders of *clairvoyance* were surprisingly exhibited by a young gentleman, who, on being blindfolded by a member of Parliament, told all his votes for the next two sessions. We were not present ourselves at the lecture, but are indebted to "our reporter" for a faithful account of the proceedings. The following conversation took place between Mr. Hughes and the "young gentleman" Mesmerized for the occasion:—

Mr. Hughes. Can you see Sir Robert Peel?

Young Gentleman. I can.

Mr. Hughes. What is he doing?

Young Gentleman. He's looking at a map of Ireland, and scratching his head.

Mr. Hughes. Where is Alderman Gibbs—and what is he about?

Young Gentleman. He's in his study, with *Cocker* before him, making two and two five.

Mr. Hughes. Where is Lord Stanley?

Young Gentleman. In the sulks.

Mr. Hughes. Where is Lord Brougham—and what is he doing?

Young Gentleman. He's in the house of Lords; now he's on the woolsack—and now he's in Lord Lyndhurst's lap.

Fifty other questions were put to the young gentleman, all of them involving much political and social importance, yet all answered with equal fidelity, and all giving equal pleasure to a numerous and respectable audience.

Thus, it will be seen, that if Mesmerism have its perils, it also has its profits. It may, to be sure, send one person to prison, but it may make another a faithful narrator to the people of all the otherwise hidden doings of their magistrates and rulers.

JEMIMA SPRIGGS AT —!!!

From 'Punch.'

DOUBTLESS our readers are familiar with the celebrated *danseuse*, Jemima Spriggs, whose Highland Fling and Rowing Hornpipe have been the admiration of every saloon in the suburbs. The following letter, which we have obtained at an enormous outlay, shows that the fair writer is as remarkable for intelligence and truly feminine vivacity, as she is for the brilliancy of her Terpsichorean achievements. We have suppressed the name of the locality to which

she alludes, and leave our readers to pick about Pentonville, Islington, and Hoxton.

"DEAR LETTY,

"Here I am at last, and the awful period of probation is passed *Veni, vidi, vici*.—My 'Fling' has been seen at the——Saloon; admired, applauded—drawn money! Having just got over the fluster of success, I sit down to give you a plain narrative of my progress.

"Our parting as I entered the Paddington omnibus you, of course, recollect.—Never shall I forget the kindness with which you ran back to our lodging for my gingham umbrella, and the pertinacity with which you required the driver to stop till you returned with it. Well; what with nibbling my Abernethys, and munching the nice large apple you gave me, my journey in the omnibus proceeded pleasantly enough. It is a curious reflection when in one of these vehicles, that one sits so quiet one's self, and yet the wheels are twirling round beneath one. We thus see, that in this great world two things may be going on at the same time. But a truce to philosophy!

"At the corner of —— Street I alighted, and asked of an old apple-woman my road to the ——Saloon. The dear old soul informed me, and out of gratitude I purchased two apples, which I pleasantly told her ought to be called a *pear* (pair). She did not laugh, and I at once perceived that a constant adherence to commercial pursuits deadens the fine perception of wit.

"Following my nose—as our dear Herbert used too say—I soon came to the ——Saloon. I sent in my card, and asked to see the manager. He was a stout corpulent man, dressed in a suit of rusty black. Time had been unable to quench that cunning which sparkled in his eye. But I was as cunning as he. I was resolved to have fifteen shillings per week, not a farthing less; and all remonstrance on his part would be absolutely useless. I mentioned these terms in a firm voice. The manager drew a *papier maché* box from his pocket, tapped it, took a pencil, and said nothing. I again stated my terms, but he thrust his hands to the bottom of his trousers pocket, and gave a long whistle. Nothing daunted, I again demanded the fifteen shillings; upon which my antagonist drew his right hand from his pocket, and fixing the thumb firmly on his nose, moved the fingers with amazing celerity.—I perfectly understood the sign, as I remember Herbert making use of it, when a brutal cabman asked two-pence more than his fare.

"I retreated, but it was like a Parthian, with the resolution of conquest. To a tavern opposite I went, where the flat roof of

the ground floor is elegantly fitted out with benches and tables, all in the open air, at once allowing one to inhale the fresh breeze of Heaven, and to take a commanding view of the street. I could keep my eyes on the Saloon, and—what was of more importance—the manager could see me. I called for a glass of rum and water, my favorite beverage you know, and watched the proceedings of the enemy. Presently he emerged from his domicile, and gave me a full stare; but I affected not to see him. He crossed the road. My heart palpitated at the thought of victory. I heard a few heavy steps—and lo! the terrible manager was at my elbow. I did not raise my eyes, but appeared marvellously intent on the little piece of lemon which floated on the surface of the liquor, and which I every now and then plunged down with my spoon. "I have come to offer twelve shillings a week!" said the well-known voice.—"Walker!" I ejaculated playfully, committing a plagiarism, which you will pardon, on dear Herbert's vocabulary. "Well, then," said the manager, "take the whole fifteen shillings, and —." The coarse expression, which my pen refuses to write, did not annoy me. I felt that I had gained my point, and to the female heart what so delightful as a conquest?

"That very evening I made my *débüt*. I was not a little nervous as to the result. I had, to be sure, my best Tartan dress; but how was I to know whether the people in this part of the world could appreciate the "Fling." Through a hole in the curtain I surveyed my audience. There were several honest-looking men dressed with regard rather to substantiality than fashion. When the curtain rose I shook off my nervousness, and dashed on the stage with my well-known buoyancy. For a few moments there was a silence: my heart sunk, but my courage was quickly restored. The cries of "She'll do!"—"Bravo!"—"Well, I'm blowed," burst from every corner, and your beloved *Jemima*, after courtseying to her audience, deeply suffused with blushes, was compelled to repeat her characteristic *pas*.

"With this record of my triumph I close my letter. Adieu, dearest *Letitia*,

"JEMIMA."

Heyday, here's a pretty business! A letter from Miss *Jemima Spriggs* herself, declaring that the above was not written by her at all. What are we to do? We have it! we will put in Miss *Jemima's* private letter; so that the public may have the poison and the antidote together.

"MISTER PUNCH,

"I have eard that a letter as been sent

to you, sed to be ritt by me to wun Miss *Letitia*, of whum on my hoth, I no nothin, wich is ily improper, has the letter his calculated to plai hold gusberry with my per-feshun, you will have the civility to leave it hout, and no mistake.

"Yours faithfully,
"JEMIMA SPRIGGS."

THE FALSE ONE.

BY E. T. W. S.

Go, false one, go!—thy form hath lost its charms,
Hath ceased to bind me by its magic spell:
To thee no more my youthful bosom warms
With that fond love which there was wont to dwell;

And those blue eyes which oft I deemed to tell,
Of love, true love, which not the world's wide space
Nor utmost length of time could ever quell,—
They never more shall meet my ardent gaze!

Go, false one, go;—thou shalt not see a tear,
To tell the wounded feelings of my heart:
No pensive sigh need'st thou expect to hear,
To speak regret that we for ever part:—
And I will smile, however keen the smart,—
Pride shall conceal the storm that is within:
To weep for thee, all false one as thou art,
Were more than weakness, and no less than sin!

Go, false one, go;—when pleasure smoothed my path,
And favoring providence from heaven above
Smiled on our way, then did'st thou pledge thy faith,
And vow that nought thy constancy could move!

A cloud appeared, and ah! thy fickle love,
On which I leaned and fondly dreamed of bliss,
Was quick withdrawn, thy worthlessness to prove,
And my fond hopes so soon have come to this!

Go, false, one, go:—for ever, ever, go!
And seek to tempt another with thy charms:
Love him while fortune smiles, but when by woe
He is beset, then leave him to his harms!
But know that soon all,—all, will thee despise:
Meantime may boundless distance roll between
Thy fate and mine;—again thine eyes
I ne'er would meet,—ne'er see thee, or be seen!

STANZA.

Ah! who shall speak the mourner blest?
Ah! who shall give the wearied rest?
The mourner is blest by his Saviour God!
The wearied finds rest in his Father's abode!
'Tis a mansion of glory, and beauty, and light,
And angels are there in their robes of white!
Its walls are of onyx-stone, jasper and gold,
The half of its beauties can never be told!
I hasten to see them,—away—away—
The world is receding,—my spirit mounts up to
endless day!

R. A. WEST.

EDITORIAL SOLILOQUIES

ON CURRENT LITERATURE, AND THINGS THEREUNTO APPERTAINING.

First, dear reader, let us clear our table of a host of smaller works that wait their introduction to you. "Godey's Library of Elegant Literature" is promising fair to be of a very choice and select character. The two first numbers are original. No. 1, is "THE PRIMA DONNA, A PASSAGE FROM CITY LIFE," by W. G. Simms. We hardly like this affectation of short chapters extending only over a page, or a page and a half. However, we happen just now to be in a most *complaisant* humor, and are not disposed to quarrel with any one. So let that pass. The work is well written, and the typography, paper, and general getting up, admirable. No. 2, is "ROBERT RUEFUL, OR A LESSON TO VALETUDINARIANS," by T. S. Fay, of which certainly we are not disposed to say less than we have already said of No. 1. The spirit and humor of the writer sustains dialogues that otherwise would look very much like book-making. Thus—and we could adduce more of the same genus, only in explaining what we mean, we are necessarily filling our own pages far too rapidly—

"And it did not cure you?"

"No."

"Was it a large one?"

"Yes."

"Raw?"

"Yes."

"Peeled?"

"Yes."

"And you aint any better?"

"Not a bit."

If you want further evidence of this sort of wire-drawn dialogue, we refer you to page 56 and others, for another pretty specimen. "Nevertheless, and notwithstanding," "Robert Rueful" is pleasant reading enough, and the type is large enough for even us to read without our spectacles.

And now, kind and gentle, and courteous, and companionable, and interesting, and agreeable, and intelligent, and erudite reader,—if you don't subscribe for twenty copies after this interview, "what hope have we"—let us introduce to your notice an edition of a work which really does credit—we speak advisedly, though it is high praise—to the deathless author whose undying strains it perpetuates. This is No. 1 of a new edition of Shakspeare's plays, published by H. W. Hewett, and edited by G. C. Verplanck. The very wrapper is a gem, and the "inner part" is still superior. And what a title page! Seven portraits and busts of Avon's bard; with an illuminated border! And then again, a frontispiece to Hamlet, with splendid illustrations throughout. Paper and type of first-rate quality. Altogether, we pronounce it to be the most beautiful edition of Shakspeare that has yet been issued on this side of the Atlantic, and incomparably cheaper than any yet extant. We shall prove our estimation of its superiority by giving it a place in our library, and cordially do we thank both editor and publisher for giving us so unique a copy of our favorite bard.

"Sketches of the New-York Press," by O. P. Q., we guess will neither astonish the New-Yorkers by its erudition or wit. You may read it if you like—it will be no difficult matter, so far as the quantity of matter is concerned; but we caught ourselves napping over its assumptions, ere we read the first article. True it was in "the silent watches of the night," and reclined upon a most delicious sofa, and the three anodynes, night, sofa, and "Sketches of the New-York Press," did the business.

The "Home Library;" published by J. L. Platt, Fulton-street, is next in order. Prose series No. 1, "ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS," by J. T. Headly, is in octavo, and the poetical series No. 1, "THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER AND OTHER POEMS," by William Cullen Bryant, is in duodecimo. The former we have not had time to read, but a hasty glance has awakened a desire to make the author's acquaintance. The "sweet poesy" of W. C. Bryant has opened the sluices of purest pleasure in our heart, and the gushing waters are even yet bubbling up within our soul. O we love poetry, dear reader;—pure, spontaneous, unsought, and unre-

strained poetry, and Bryant has this in sweet perfection. At home—abroad—the spell of his inspiration binds many a swelling heart, and ours amongst the number. But this *entre nous*.

BIDDY WOODHULL, OR THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER," by Professor Ingraham, and published by our friend Williams, of Boston, really makes us wish that "Biddy" had been a pretty printer, that she might have found employment with Mr. Williams in his pretty printing office, for really our good friend seems in a pretty fix with a pretty set of compositors, who turn out some pretty work, in spite of the pretty castigations we gave him in our pretty soliloquies! Altogether the pretty Haymaker is a pretty affair as it stands! Some of the pretty pages are pretty black, and some pretty pale—some pretty sparse, and some pretty close, and with all respect to our Boston friend, who can and does publish amazingly cheap, we think he who would give a pretty penny for pretty Biddy, would be a pretty nincompoop.

What have we here? "MNEMONICS, OR THE NEW SCIENCE OF ARTIFICIAL MEMORY, &c." No, dear reader, not "the new science." That single word of three letters constitutes this title page a piece of consummate trickery, imposes upon the public a gross fraud, and inflicts a great injustice upon M. Gouraud. "The new science!" No! no! Mr. Anonymous, we have been behind the scenes, and have attended Mr. G.'s lectures, and know a little better than that. Neither will we wink at such injustice. We have no objection to T. W. D. teaching his system of Mnemonics. The field is open to him; but let us have fair and honorable competition. The system of Finaigle, maimed and spoiled as in the book before us, is no more "the new system" than we are the Kahn of Tartary, or T. W. D. is the heir to the British throne. And what a piece of positive claptrap is the preface. The cloven foot appears in every line, and the faint praise awarded M. Gouraud, and the admission that his "oral instructions are unquestionably important to a full appreciation of the subject," are only so many insidious attacks upon the originality of that gentleman's discoveries, and insinuations that T. W. D.'s publication contains Gouraud's system only without his "oral instructions." This is not the case, and the author knows it, if he knows anything about the matter. We happen to be acquainted with the history of this book and its peregrinations, before it found a publisher. But what is the system thus attempted to be palmed upon us as THE NEW system? Why nothing more than an imperfect development of Finaigle's exploded one of ASSOCIATION; not worthless, certainly, as M. Gouraud has repeatedly said during his lectures, but for the ordinary purposes of ordinary men impracticable. We do not object to the publication of Finaigle's system of Mnemonics, or Gray's, or Knott's, or any other that is not copyright—on the contrary we are glad that the subject is being brought before the public—our objection is to the attempt to palm off such as "THE NEW science of artificial memory."

While on this subject we will just state, that a gentleman of high attainments and erudition is preparing for this Magazine a critical article upon the analogies existing between M. Gouraud's Phreno-mnemotechnics and a system published sometime ago in England, in which the principles developed by Gray and Finaigle, were to a considerable extent carried out.

"THE YOUNG AMERICAN, or Book of Government and Law; showing their History, Nature, and Necessity," (fourth edition,) is one of our friend Goodrich's incomparable school books, full of historical information, and admirably adapted to its object. We cordially and heartily recommend it to all schools and heads of families. We shall not tell you, dear reader, how many copies we intend purchasing for our own sweet little cherubs; but they shall each have one—that's a fact, for this book is *multum in parvo* without controversy.

"HIGH LIFE IN NEW-YORK," by Jonathan Slick, Esq., (Part III.,) published by Burgess, Stringer & Co., is really a racy and spirited production. We well remember his namesake, "Sam Slick," and thought him at the time one of the wittiest, drollest, funniest fellows that ever we met with. We did not then know "Mr. Jonathan Slick, Esq., of Weathersfield, Connecticut," for as the author assumes the masculine Christian name, we are bound to consider that as the author's sex, for what fair one would make the exchange? But, as to Part III. of "High Life in New-York," it abounds with humor from beginning to end. Take the following, for example:—

"To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut:

"Dear Par:—Here I am, safe and sound, but about the tireddest critter that you ever sot eyes on. Afore I got to Bridgeport, I begun to be kinder sorry that I didn't stand my chance and come

on with Captin Doolittle in the sloop, for the fust thing I see arter I got tu cousin Smith's in Bridgeport, was the old sloop a scooting down the sound like a four horse team, with all sails sot, and loaded down to the water with garden sarse. It seemed tu me that I could a'most see Captin Doolittle hisself, a standing on the deck and a poking fun at me for coming down on the old mare. The poor colt tu, was eenamost tuckered out, and I begun tu feel sort o' wamblecropped for fear something would happen tu one of the poor critters afore I got tu York; but my keeping didn't cost nothing, and I got cousin Smith to put a good feed in one eend of my saddle-bags, and gin the colt a warm drink of milk afore we started in the morning, so we all three on us jogged on towards Stamford, in purty good condition, considerin. Our cousin at Stamford warn't tu hum, so I had tu put the old mare and colt up to a tavern, and arter letting into a few of marm's doughnuts that lightened one eend of my saddle-bags quite a considerable, I turned in till morning. The bar-keeper made me pay three York shillins for the horse keeping. My grit riz at it, for the old mare looked as lank as ashad; but I didn't want tu git into a scrape, so I shelled out, and rode along darning all the cousins tu darnation. What are the varmint's good for, if they can't be tu hum when a feller travels their way?

"It was purty well in the morning when I got tu York, the old mare was eenamost tired out, and I begun tu think she wouldn't cut much of a dash; but jest as we were turning down the Bowery, she got a sight of one of them consarned great rail road cars, and seemed tu take it for a stable trying to run off; for she gin a snort, stuck her tail right straight out and her ears right up, and away she streaked it arter the cars, like a house a fire and no engines tu be had. The colt, it come a whinnering arter, and if we didn't cut a figure, you never saw one in the multiplication table. My coat tail was a streaming out behind, and I held on tu my bell-crowned hat with one hand while I shook my bridle with t'other, and stuboyed the old critter along; for I didn't want the people tu think that I was afeard tu go as fast as any thing in creation took a notion tu, if it was a steam engine loaded with fire and brimstun, insted of a harnsome bay mare with a nussing colt.

"Jest as we got away down the Bowery, the cars stopped stock still, and the mare cum up and saw that it was only a box full of folks, she kicked up her heels till I was eenamost spilt in the street. The colt it came up and flurished its leetle spindle shanks agin the car, jest as its mother had afore, and away we went, cutting dirt down Chatham street like a streak of iled lightning, till I drew the mare up with a snort and a kick, that tapered off into a double shuffle right agin the Brother Jonathan office."

And again:—

"Here I am agin, safe and sound, large as life, and chipper as a grasshopper on a high rock, in a sunshiny day. I tell you what,—a few genuine huskings tu hum, with purty gals tu put the music in a feller's elbows, as he strips the husks off from the corn, is jest the sort of occasions tu put the grit into a feller from top tu toe,—jest tip them off with an apple cut or so, sich as we had tu our house when you and marm cut about amongst the gals and the young chaps, like two spring colts jest let out tu grass; and taper the hull off with a week sich as I had a ropin onions with Judy White, with her pesky red pouters a one side, and two or three prim Weathersfield gals on 'tother, a turning their good natured eyes at a feller every string, till his heart is a cuttin pigeon wings agin his ribs tu the music of their larf—jest let a chap get used to that sort o' pastur, and consarn me, if it don't du more tuwards making a ginuine man of him than a hull etarnity of York life, where every other man and gal you meet have got their hearts so tarnally used up, that they have tu lean agin their back bones to rest more than half the time, and likely as not git sound tu sleep at that.

"The old sloop jest hit the nail on the head, and hauled in tu Peck Slip the night arter Mr. Macready, a smashing actor from the old country, got to the Park Theatre, where he's been acting out things that'd make your hair stand right up an eend eenajest to see it. I tell you what, he's a hull team and a horse to let—no mistake in that."

And now a little gossip with you, dear reader.

Redfield has published another number of "NAPIER'S PENINSULAR WAR," neat, cheap, creditable. Casserly & Sons, Nassau-Street, are publishing in parts "THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION," being a collection of popular songs on the Repeal question. Burgess, Stringer & Co., have now on their counter Nos. 13 and 14 of "SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS," English Edition—six numbers will complete the whole. They have also in the press, and will publish in about ten days "The Literary Remains of the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE, of Philadelphia; including the Ollapod Papers, Spirit of Life," &c., &c., collected by his brother, Lewis Gaylord Clarke, Esq., Editor of the Knickerbocker, to be completed in four elegant parts, at 25 cents each. The same publishers have issued a remarkably neat and elegant copy of "CRABBE'S TALES OF THE HALL." Scott and Winchester have each given us an edition of "BLACKWOOD" for March. Winchester's is lower in price, but we think Scott's, unquestionably, the cheaper. It is truly a *fac simile* of "Old Maga," and that is praise sufficient. Harpers have brought out No. 5 of "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT," with two beautiful illustrations, and printed with their usual neatness.